

MAN ON THE MONUMENT.

Seldom has the placidity of public opinion been thrown into such violent commotion in these parts as it has by the present Booker T. Washington controversy. Where once,

"The rankthistle nodded in the wind,
And the wild rox dug his hole un-
scared,"

all is now a mighty, pushing, struggling mass of opposition to establish the proper status of the Washington idea in this bawliwic. In view of the fact that the pros. have assumed the defense, the Antis appear to be off in a lode.

From an impartial viewpoint, the two factions are nearer together than the acrimony of debate, recrimination, etc., would indicate. The degradation which the infamous race proscription in the South imposes is intolerable to us all. The northern Negro is confronted with this matter merely as a theory, but to the "man and brother" in the South it is a cold, uncompromising, merciless condition. However, this condition is to be met, we are a unit in the belief that some sort of an education is essential to the solution of the problem.

That the Booker T. Washington idea is coincident with the line of least resistance educationally in the South, is too palpably and incontestably true to admit of argument. It is idle to compare industrial with (I will not say higher), general education. The one contributes to the needs of the individual, the other to the needs of civilization. The former performs the work, but the latter controls the labor. Unfortunately for the peace of the races, the desire to be a factor in the world's civilization and to be a controlling, as well as a producing force is as deeply implanted in the Negro as in any other individual. Therefore, to assume that he can be satisfied with anything less than the very fullest opportunities is the silliest poppycock, and very justly invites the strenuous resentment of the northern Negro who is not hedged about with such restrictions as industrialism implies.

The Post comes forward with its proverbial wisdom to elucidate the wherefore and the why of the trouble and bother that President Roosevelt's few Colored appointments have made, in comparison with the non-friction of the many that McKinley is said to have made. As far as we can gather, the latter seems to have had a sort of a soft, noiseless, gum shoe method of inducing the "man and the brother" into an official berth, that threw such a spell over the whites that they didn't know he was there. Possibly a better reason is that there are more white people now who want office.

Bethel Literary was the scene of a fierce combat last Tuesday night between the Booker T. Washington forces and the opposition. The most surprising feature of the occasion was the intense antagonism to the industrial idea which was found to exist in this city. Prof. Jesse Lawson, who presented the paper of the evening, was considerate enough to state that the occasion was a Booker T. Washington affair. Other than his word for it there was very little reliable evidence of the fact. Prof. Lawson's paper was very good as far as it went, but the subject discussed was so utterly at variance with the Professor's scholarly attainments that it appeared to cover little ground. Certain it is that the paper conferred no benefit that could offset the harm which its discussion provoked.

It was a dear young thing of a nurse just from graduation. As I lay propped up in bed with a raging fever, she informed me that the "doctor ought to see me when I had that kind of an attack." Motioning her to put her ear close to my feeble lips, I managed to gasp that that attack was not copyrighted and that I was not doing little stunts like that for recreation. She did not seem to understand. I said, "child, listen. Judd Malvern was bicycling down a steep hill out towards

Cabin John's bridge one day when all of a sudden he took a header and plowed up several rods of Maryland with his face. On getting to his feet he was accosted by an urchin in a yard with, 'do that again, Mister, ma didn't see you.' The child-like radiance which lit up her innocent face convinced me that the nurse had tumbled.

The Metropole Club still maintains its high reputation as a swell resort of, not sports or sporting men, but sportsmen. You can call them "spotes," if you like, but that's another thing. In fact, it would be hard to classify "Smitty," for instance, under any other head. It's either "Chappy" or "Spote," the one class eats bird's tongues, while the other hulls out pig anuckles. The casual visitor is struck with the extreme home-like air of the surroundings. There's the elegant parlor, books, papers and cosy fires with coal at 'steen dollars a ton, whose benign warmth invites the friendly rivalry of pink toes to get nearer. Strictly no gambling is allowed. The most popular game at present is played with 3 matches. And that there is a little of honor hanging on the wall. To get on this list one has to be smart. The Club is the thing but more anon.

Mr. Ed. Arnold has moved to town and can now be found at the Club occasionally (?).

Mr. William Fossett was heard at the Bethel Literary last Tuesday evening. Anyone who has ever come within the range of that voice of his, can appreciate this statement at its full value. He rose to a point of order. How our young men are risin'.

Pres. Geo. Jackson, of the Bethel Literary, does honor to the position; but say, George, you want to touch up your side features. That music last week, for instance, was like the little girl,—where it was good it was very good, but where it was bad, it was lurid.

The latest recipients of promotion favors at the Pension Office are: Mr. Wm. Mays, Wm. Robinson and Jacob Combs. All three of these gentlemen are "A No. 1" clerks and highly deserve the honors that have come to them.

How would it do for the Haiwathians to first learn their chorus before putting on the trimmings and furbelors?

Bruce Grit is still having his troubles with the proof-reader. The proof-reader says its "him." If Bruce is the author of his own manuscript, we are with the proof-reader—we have seen Bruce's writin'.

Added to his other accomplishments Dr. Bruce Evans embraces the gift of oratory. His extempore effort at Bethel the other evening proves it.

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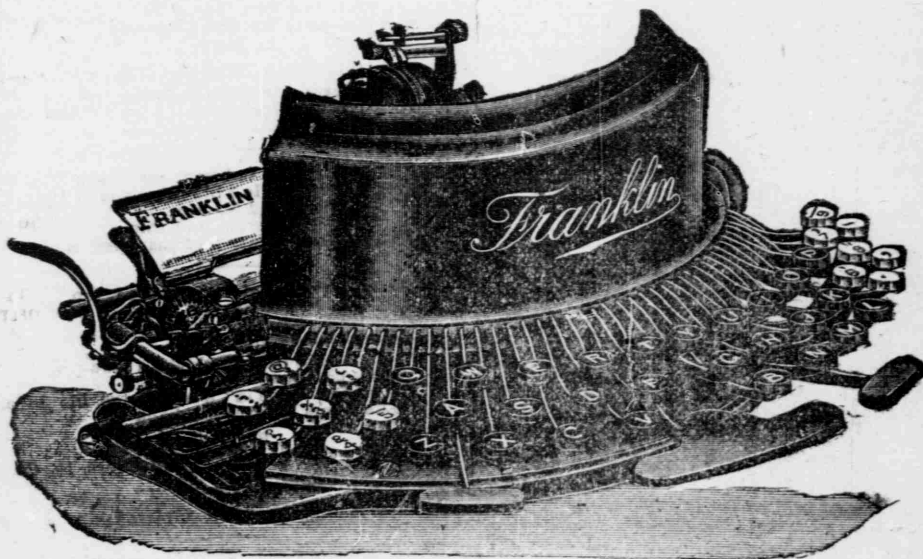
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